THE NEWS.

PARIS, : : KENTUCKY

SOME CITY DAYS.

Dear are the days, though far apart,
When summer's genial sorceries flow
Full on the city's turbid heart
From where kine feed and daisies blow;

When breezes loved by brooks and glades
Float peaceful over greed's raw strife,
And give the untuneful clash of trades
Melodious hints of ampler life!

Such days with soft compassion seem
The infrequent captive trees to greet,
That dewless from dull pavements gleam
In torrid square or sultry street.

They make the pent grass vaguely sigh
For distant meadows, rich in balm,
That sweep to where the untrammeled sky
Leans low and clasps them with its calm.

They rouse to delicate surprise
Those rare scant shrubs the court-yard sees,
And bid some faded flower surmise
A murmur as though of phantom bees....

But other messages they send,
While gladdening thus the town's turmoil,
To pitcous lives that yearly bend
Below the tyranny of toil.

Sad women, gaunt with need's worst throes,
Will feel the buoyant air's cool thrill,
And flutter like the sickly rose
That pines upon our window-sill.

Rude grimy men that drudge for bread
With spade and trowel, ax and hod,
Will pause in transient dreams to tread
The old leafy lanes their boyhood trod.

Pale ragged children, reared in woe,
Will faintly view, by instinct's law,
That narrow heaven, the best they know,
Dome a green earth they never saw....

And yet with each fresh breeze that rolls
Through lairs that vice and frailty seek,
To still more melancholy souls
These dear unusual days may speak.

Ah, would that Nature's holier sway
At such kind hours new strength could win,
And full upon their impious way
Curb the wild reeling feet of sin!

—*Edgar Fawcett, in Harper's Magazine for August.*

HARRY'S TEMPTATION.

In a little manufacturing village in Massachusetts, where the busy sound of lathe and hammer and plane kept time to every running stream, Harry Lindsay lived with his widowed mother and a little sister, Jennie. The business of the place was principally chair-making, and the cane seats were woven by persons at their own homes—the work being taken to them from the factories and called for when it was done. This last was what Harry did, and very proud he felt when he rode through the town on his "rack," as he called the big wagon that rattled back and forth, and over the hills, stopping here and there to leave or gather the finished work of this most useful industry.

He had secured the place soon after his father's death, through the influence of an old friend, who told him it was "a mighty good chance, and he ought to be *plaguey thankful*, for there was plenty of boys would jest jump out of ther hides to get it."

Harry said he was, and tried to look so—anyway, in fact, that would convey to his benefactor's mind his entire willingness to dispense with his skin, if that would show the proper gratitude.

Truth to say, he was thankful, and rose every morning with fresh plans to cheer his dear mother's lot, and make as pleasant as possible her changed condition.

They had been obliged to give up their old comfortable home, and live in the half of a small cottage where the rent would come within their reduced means.

But in the crisp May mornings, with the birds singing, and the sun shining down on old Wachusett, just as it had shone through all the Mays in her life, she felt at times almost as if there had been no change, and realized how much of joy or sorrow springs from the inner life.

There is something very friendly and protective in a mountain. This one seemed to her like a grave but steadfast comrade—an "everlasting hill," in whose shadow she could live again the days that were never to come back.

There were two other families in the house, kindly people, profuse in their offers of assistance, and all delighted with Jennie, who was the prettiest little wild-rose that ever blossomed within sight of the blue mists of Wachusett.

They rose early, and the day's work began at seven o'clock for Harry. With a loving kiss to Jennie, whom he called "Chub"—because she was such a rolly-polly little thing—he was off. But he always managed to drive by the house, and he would wave his palm-leaf hat so joyously to her, from his high seat on the rack, that the anxious mother forgot half her cares, and thought the people who called her boy "smart" were altogether right.

They beautified their side of the cottage—which came so close to being the back side—that only for the pretty blossoms springing from every nook, and a view of the dear Wachusett (that Mrs. Lindsay said was worth half the town), it would have been barren indeed.

At night, when Harry got home, they pulled up the weeds and had those delightful interchanges of thought and plan, that comes to those where the smallest pleasure is earned in the loving light of home.

"Mother," he would say, "don't these morning-glories seem just like the old place?"

And the sun-flowers by the wood-shed door were another bright link. Larkspurs and magnolias and pinks and pansies and other familiar blooms kept healthful company, nor seemed to miss the dear old sunny garden left behind.

So the days went on. To Chub the joyous hour of all the twenty-four was her brother's return at night. She would station herself at a window with the best lookout, and patiently watch till the loved form came in sight, when he would nod and smile, and perhaps point significantly to something that lay behind him in the rack. Perhaps it mean't a deserted bird's nest, with acorns in it, or perhaps a bunch of green leaves, woven into a rustic basket to hold berries, or an early apple, or a few purple plums. It was wonderful how many things he "came across," and he never forgot the little creature waiting so eagerly to welcome him home.

Somehow the boy had learned the secret, or inherited it, or something, of making friends. Everybody liked him on his route, and he was always being invited to have a glass of milk or a doughnut, as he cheerfully unloaded the piles of seats whereby the thrifty housewife or the aspiring daughter earned the warm winter cloak, or paid for the magazine and papers.

The men began to speak respectfully to him, and he was occasionally trusted with other business besides taking out and bringing in the work. He had a book in which he kept account of the number left at each place, and the number taken away, with the various amounts paid.

Sometimes he handled a good deal of money in this way, and felt quite like the man of business. But they had so little for themselves. His wages were small, and what with the rent and fuel, and even their simple table, there was scarcely anything left. His mother had a few dollars laid by for the winter's coal, but where all the needful clothing was to come from they knew not. Chub could hardly keep her little pink feet from showing through the holes in her shoes, and they were almost too shabby to go to church. Harry knew his mother's bonnet was not "in the fashion," and he had a boyish pride in wanting things "as other folks had them."

One day, about this time, Mr. Harlon, the "head man of the concern," told Harry he wanted to send a note over to a certain farmer—an old friend of theirs—who owned a small wood-lot the firm wanted to buy.

Harry was delighted. His eyes were hungry for a sight of "the old place," which was only a few miles away, and when Mr. Harlon said he could take the buggy and drive over his mother and little sister, he felt that after all there were pleasures which money could not buy.

Mr. Harlon was thought to be a very eccentric man, but he had latterly taken a great deal of notice of Harry, and this sending him with the note meant a great deal. He said he must have the answer and the farmer's terms before seven o'clock that afternoon.

The time was short, and they could not stop at the old place, but they could drive by, and see if the honeysuckles were out.

Mr. Harlon's own man brought the buggy to their door, and in a few minutes they were rolling along out into the fresh and ever-varied beauty of woods and meadows and fragrant valleys.

The influences of nature are something to all, but they were life itself to those children of the hills. Chub's apple blossom face showed that she knew something highly satisfactory was going on in her little world, of which her mother and brother were the chief personages.

The note was delivered and a price fixed upon for the wood-lot. Then Mrs. Lindsay glanced anxiously at the tall clock that stood in the corner.

"Time enough, time enough!" said the farmer.

And while his good wife hung her tea-kettle low down on the crane, he was busy nailing up a mysterious box in the yard, and finally lifted it, with a good-natured chuckle, into the back of their buggy.

He said he had been owing a little debt for a long time to the Lindsay family—pushing a bag of corn under the seat as he spoke, and crowding in at the side another bag of something else.

Such a cackling as ensued brought Chub to the door, and she clapped her dimpled hands with delight when the farmer lifted her up and showed her, through the slats across the top, six splendid hens and a lordly rooster, all for their own, "to take home and keep."

The "debt," the generous farmer emphasized, was a couple of little downy chicks that Harry's grandmother had given to him when the farmer was a poor boy, and did "chores" for her.

He said he believed it was the foundation of all his after prosperity.

And so, if the "sins of the fathers are visited upon the children," their little gracious acts, too, return, often fourfold.

Then they must have a "bite of bread and cheese," as he called the feathery biscuit and the luscious custard pie, after which they rode away.

The hens cackled, the rooster crowed, Chub laughed aloud, Harry raised his palm-leaf hat in grateful adieu, while Mrs. Lindsay lifted up her heart in silent thankfulness to the Giver of all good.

What a charming ride it was home! The air was heavy with scents of pine and dewy flowers, each adding its own sweet perfume to the general whole.

As they came in sight of the town-clock, the minute hand just pointed to half-past six. Mr. Harlon seemed very much pleased with Harry's promptness, and evidently was still better pleased with the terms for the wood-lot. He asked a few questions—how near it was to their old home, etc., and ended off with:

"Well, my boy, the world is all before you; you come of good stock enough to do something for yourself." Then he looked over his glasses, and smiled a queer smile at Harry's blushing face, at the same time picking out of his vestpocket a gold dollar, which he slipped into the embarrassed boy's hand, and went on saying: "When I was a youngster like you, I had this gold dollar given to me, with instructions to keep it until I needed it to buy bread with. It's a little worn," he continued, "and I don't believe I shall ever want it for that" (here he looked very self-satisfied), "so I'll give it to you on the same terms. I see you know the moments are also golden, of which this is to be a reminder."

Harry tried to thank him, but he was a shy boy, and something stuck in his throat. It had been almost *too* happy a day, and now this unexpected kindness, with all that the farmer had done—the little gold dollar and all—nearly made a baby of him Mr. Harlon rather blinked through his glasses, too, and so evidently wanted Harry to be off with himself that the thanking didn't amout to much.

The evening that followed this pleasant day was spent in planning about the hens. Where could they keep them? And how would it do to add a few more, and so sell some eggs? They must have a hen-house—that was certain—but how? Questions never seem to answer themselves, and neither did this one.

The next morning he went to his work as usual, and loaded up the rack, preparatory to going the rounds, and then stepped into the counting-room for his book and the money that he always took with him to pay for the seating. Sometimes, if the bills were large, he drove around to the bank and got them changed for smaller ones. He did so this morning.

"A hundred dollars," Mr. Harlon had said, as he handed him the money, and had charged it so in the book.

Harry took it, and he noticed as he did so that they were all twenty-dollar notes.

At the bank, several persons were in, and he had to wait quite a little time, during which he held the bright new bills, and turned them over without thinking about them particularly, only that he was in a hurry to get them changed and be off.

Suddenly he started, and his heart beat quickly, for he counted, not five bills, but six. They were new, and in their crisp freshness two had stuck together, only separating in time for him to see the mistake before the casnier was at liberty to attend him.

Passing in five to be changed, he quietly folded the sixth, and slipped it into his pocket.

What was he thinking of? He did not return at once to the office and rectify the mistake. Perhaps he was thinking of the hen-house. He knew it was a mistake. They were a rich firm. He was not responsible for other people's carelessness, etc., etc.

This, and much more passed through his mind as he mounted the rack and drove off, forgetting to glance at their side of the house as he came to a turn in the road where he could always see the morning-glories, and never before had forgotten to nod, whether anybody saw him or not. His thoughts were elsewhere.

So swift is temptation to take advantage of every circumstance, that by noon Harry had persuaded himself it would be simply ridiculous for him to give up what had so accidentally (and he thought opportunely) fallen into his hands. He tried to reason, again that he had earned it twenty times over.

Harry was a bright boy. He knew right from wrong, and in the most justified arguments the thought would obtrude: "What! cheat the man who has at least been just to me, and who is already beginning to be more?" Then, as he drove through a bit of still and lonely woods, a voice would seem to whisper in his inmost soul: "Thou God seest me."

The day passed, the last seats had been delivered, and the last job paid for. He had forgotten "to come across" anything for Chub, and now it was too late—not even a berry, nor a stray blossom. She was already watching for him, and, in a few minutes he came in sight of her, and she stretched out her little sunny head, smiling her sweet welcome to him.

O, how *could* he go home with that awful load in his pocket, and, worse still, the weight upon his heart? He could not. He would stop at the counting-room, and tell Mr. Harlon about it, and the hen-house might go. The hens would do well enough in a corner of the wood shed.

But then he hesitated, fearing he should be asked why he had not stopped in the morning. What could he say to that?

"Nothing," he thought in an agony of doubt and fear; for he knew in his secret heart he had meant to keep it, and the remembrance of his guilty weakness almost crushed him.

What should he do? A terrible despair paralyzed his judgment. He was afraid his voice would tremble and his manner betray him. Still, he considered that, when he handed in his account-book, it would be quite easy to get over it, somehow; and so, summoning all his courage, he opened the door and walked in, only to find the clerk, and learn that Mr. Harlon had gone to supper.

There he was, with his burden the same as before; and, putting up his horse, he walked slowly home, with a feeling it would be impossible to describe.

Chub seemed to feel that all was not right, and his mother appeared constrained and unnatural, seen through the distorted vision of his sick mind; so that, altogether, the supper was not half as cheery as usual.

Harry could not endure it. He stole out just at dusk, and almost ran over to Mr. Harlon's house. That gentleman was sitting quietly in his library, when Harry appeared, flushed and breathless, and looked up in some surprise to see him there at such a time.

"You made a mistake this morning, sir," gasped Harry, his voice thick with excitement. "Here it is—twenty dollars too much."

"When did you discover it?" kindly inquired Mr. Harlon.

"At the bank," replied Harry, almost sinking with shame and confusion.

He could say no more, for a burst of tears prevented further speech.

"Come here, my boy," said his questioner; and he drew him down beside him. "Now tell me all about it," gently urged the kindly man. "You are on the right track, and I'm sure it has been a hard one this time."

Harry could not speak for his sobs.

"How did it happen?" persisted Mr. Harlon, in an encouraging tone.

"O!" said Harry, "I wanted to make a hen-house."

"A hen-house?" repeated Mr. Harlon. "What do you want with a hen-house?"

Then Harry told him of the present they had had, their stinted means, how much he wanted a little money, and how dearly he should love to buy his mother a new bonnet.

"But," he added, "I don't want anything now, only for you to forgive me, and not to tell my mother, O, sir!" he cried, in keen distress, "what would she say? What would she do?"

"Say nothing to your mother about it," replied Mr. Harlon. "I am not afraid of the boy who so bravely humbles himself to confess a fault, or a premeditated crime. Let it be your life-long lesson, and I will be your friend. Ask God to help you, for temptation and dark days come to all."

Could he believe himself? Was this the end of what he feared would plunge him into irretrievable ruin? He was dumb with gratitude. But silence is often as eloquent as any words can be, and Mr. Harlon understood the speaking looks that could not find expression except through tears.

Years went on, and Harry rose steadily and *honestly* from one post to another, until he sat in the same counting room where he had received the twenty dollars too much—the equal and partner of the man who had so mercifully recognized human frailty, and with his large heart and helping hand considered it not beneath his dignity to encourage and cheer the penitent boy, who had almost fallen by the way.—*Golden Days.*

Unconscious Theft.

The collector for a well-known firm of painters and paper hangers recently had a very narrow escape from arrest as a horse thief. The case looked very black. The horse was certainly stolen, and the only question seemed to be whether the collector or a certain North Side Alderman was the guilty party. This is how it all came about:

A few days ago the collector called at the Alderman's residence and presented a small bill, which was promptly liquidated. As the collector left the house the Alderman accompanied him, remarking that he would drive down town with him. A horse and buggy stood at the gate. The Alderman seated himself in the vehicle, and the collector followed suit, the former handing the ribbons over to the latter. The collector thought it strange that the Alderman should want him to drive, but silently complied. They chatted pleasantly until they reached Oak street, when the Alderman remarked that he needed shaving, and requested the collector to take him to a barber shop near by. The collector did so. The Alderman alighted and entered the shop. The collector alighted, hitched the horse to the curb and walked away to attend to business.

The following day a certain contractor called at the store of the painters and paper hangers, and demanded the restitution of his horse and buggy. The head of the firm asked him to explain. He did so indignantly. The representative of the firm, he said, had stolen his horse from in front of the Alderman's residence, and had been watched by a boy until he disappeared. His description of the thief left no room to doubt that it was the collector. The contractor added, significantly, that the theft had been reported to the police at the Chicago Avenue Station, and detectives were on the track of the guilty man. The head of the firm could shed no light on the case, but requested the contractor to call a few hours later, promising in the meantime to investigate the matter. He was sure there must be some mistake, and it would be speedily rectified. With some difficulty the contractor was induced to promise a delay in the service of the warrant.

When the collector returned to the store with his afternoon collections, he was told what had occurred, and asked to produce the horse and buggy.

"Why," said the astonished man, "that horse belonged to the Alderman. I left it at the barber shop, where he stopped to get shaved."

This statement was reported to the contractor, who at once sought out the Alderman and demanded the return of the rig.

"Why," exclaimed the Alderman, "that rig belonged to the collector. He drove me to the barber shop, and that was the last I saw of him or the rig.

It was evident that the Alderman supposed he was riding in the collector's buggy, while the collector supposed he was riding in the Alderman's buggy. Both were mistaken, and neither had willfully committed a theft.

But the rig had disappeared, and the police have failed to discover any trace of it beyond the barber shop.

The contractor cannot afford to stand the loss, and the latest report is that the Alderman and collector are to play a game of seven-up to decide which of them shall settle for the rig.—*Chicago Herald.*

Cruelty to Animals.

"Is this the sciety for the promoshun of cruelty to animals?" asked a tall, gaunt woman as she strode into room No. 4 Merrill Block one day last week.

"Yes'm," answered a small, nervous looking man behind a high counter, "but the Secretary is not in at present. Do you wish to make a complaint?"

"Do I?" inquired the woman, advancing to the front and brandishing an umbrella. "Well, don't I look like it? take a look at me, black and blue from head to foot, every bang in my head pulled out by that brute of a—."

"Oh," said the gentleman, retreating in alarm, "the society is for the prevention of cruelty to *animals!*"

"Well, ain't I an animal?" she asked, fiercely. "What else am I? Do you want me to be a cross-eyed cat with a big head and a hump back in order to save me from bein' persecuted? Where's the boss of this institooshun?"

"I—I think he's out of town," stammered the perplexed man. "You might see the treasurer about your case," he added, artfully, to get her off, "You'll find him in the custom house."

"Hum! What's he been doin to get in there? Oh! you're a nice lot! can't protect a poor woman against a miserable brute of a man, but if you saw an old horse drinking himself to death at the town pump, you'd fine everybody that ever owned him. I'll go home and settle things myself, and I hope you'll send me a medal when I get through."

She resumed her umbrella and travels, and

"The beating of their own hearts
Was all the sound they heard,"

as the perplexed officers looked at each other, and then hunted up a directory to find the exact definition of the word animal.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

—A female who may well be described as a phenomenon is being exhibited in London. She is just eighteen years of age and is said to be eight feet two inches in height. To crown the matter, she is still growing. Her face is rather prepossessing, and her feet are simply prodigious. The only disagreeable peculiarity of this fair giantess is that she cannot hold herself easily erect. She always appears to be either sitting or falling down.—*N. Y. Sun.*

To a Puzzled Parent.

The fact that your boy has a peculiar faculty for spending money, and a peculiar distaste for saving or even seeming to save it, so that of two articles of equal desirability he would always prefer the more expensive, especially if the prices were to be known to "the boys," may well give you some concern, and certainly calls for some watchfulness and care; but it is not necessarily a bad sign. It indicates rather ignorance than vice, and is a fact due rather to the social civilization of the times than to special personal characteristics.

For in America the common though rude test of character is the ability to make money and generosity in spending it. We do not admire a miser, we do not worship, as it is sometimes said we do, mere wealth. There is no community where hoarding is more despised. But those men are most respected who have means and use them with liberality. The man who has a handsome house, tastefully built and furnished, who drives a fine span, who dresses himself and his wife and children well, who hires an expensive pew in church, who gives liberally to public and benevolent enterprises—in other words, who apparently has plenty of money and uses it freely—is the man most likely to be looked up to by all his neighbors, including the deacons and the minister. The test thus furnished is not altogether a bad one. If a man in America has money, this indicates energy, industry, temperance and thrift—in brief, the economic virtues; if he spends it freely, this indicates a liberal, generous disposition—in brief, the chief social virtue. These two classes of virtues—the economic and the social—by no means constitute a complete manhood; but they go very far toward making a useful and agreeable member of society. The free spending of money is furthermore unconsciously encouraged by ministers and religious literature. Pulpit exhortations to liberality are frequent; to economy, rare. The duty of parting with money is emphasized; the accumulating of money is treated rather as a vice than as a virtue. Under such circumstances it is not at all strange that our boys should grow up ambitious to be free spenders and ashamed of small economies; that they should wish to appear to have plenty of money, and that they should think it manly to spend it freely. They can hardly be expected to look into the philosophy of this matter, or to realize that there is a difference between spending their father's money and spending their own. Not a few grown men, and some with a reputation of greatness, never comprehend this distinction. There are members of Congress with a large reputation for liberality wholly built upon their expenditure of other people's money, and others subjected to the odium of niggardliness simply because they are careful about voting away money which comes out of the hard earnings of others.

Nor is the mere fact that your boy gets into some bad companionships and some demoralizing activities any proof or even any indication of a depraved nature. It indicates danger for him, and demands foresight and caution from you, but it does not indicate moral culpability in him; certainly not of an extraordinary kind nor to an extraordinary degree. Good boys are often only insane boys. They do nothing very bad because they do nothing at all; they mope and are quiet and get a reputation for sanctity simply because they are half sick. They never tear their clothes because they never climb trees; never get wet because, like cats, they are afraid of the water; never fight because they are cowards; never disobey because they have no will of their own. The colt that is hardest to break is worth more as a horse if he is wisely broken. There is no danger of an explosion in a steam-engine which has no fire in the fire-box and no steam in the boiler. An energetic, ambitious, vivacious, inquisitive boy, desirous to know everything that any one else knows and to do everything that any one else can do, full of the sense of his own strength, and ambitious to try it in season and out of season, is in some respects an uncomfortable boy to get along with; sure to be getting into continual scrapes and misleading younger and weaker companions; but these are the boys who make the efficient, successful and useful men, if in their boyhood they are rightly trained.—*Christian Union.*

What the Ancients Believed.

Arrian, who flourished about the middle of the second century of the Christian era, was of a skeptical frame of mind and had a wholesome distrust of the evidence of eye-witnesses. He ridiculed the old stories about ants that dug up gold, and griffins that guarded the precious metals, and declared that none were to be found in those parts of India that were visited by Alexander and his officers. He describes, however, a learned, or rather a musical elephant which "beat upon a cymbal while several others danced to his music. Two cymbals were hung between his forelegs, and one tied to his proboscis or trunk. He then striking the cymbal which was tied to his trunk against the others between his forelegs alternately, the rest of the elephants moved round him as in a dance, and lifted up or bowed their bodies as fitly and justly as the measure and reason of the sound seemed to require, or as he who played upon the instrument directed." He also speaks, though from hearsay, of an elephant dying of grief because it had killed its keeper in a moment of frenzy. Nearchus, it seems, had protested that he once saw the skin of a tiger, and that the natives averred that the animal, when alive, was as big as a full-grown horse, and further, that it would leap upon an elephant, and strangle it. Thereupon Arrian remarks that those he saw were like speckled wolves, only a little larger, so that he never saw a tiger at all, but only a leopard.—*All the Year Round.*

—The returns of the Italian Money-order office last year show that the greatest increase was in orders from the United States and France. The revenue was $200,000 over that of 1880.

—There is a clock in Nantucket that shows the movements of the tides and planets, one wheel of the clock requiring 100 years to complete a single revolution.—*Boston Post.*

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Mrs. Langtry is to receive $10 a night, and all expenses of herself and maid, for one hundred nights in America.

—A German named Christian Girardin, who has lived by his wits for years in Baltimore, has fallen heir to $80,000.

—The other evening, Deacon Philo Carpenter celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his arrival in Chicago. At that time it had less than one hundred white inhabitants, and he helped start the first Sunday-school and the first church.—*Chicago Herald.*

—A Japanese young lady has graduated from Vassar College. It is to be hoped that she can now paint fans intelligibly, so that what the artist intends for a cow in the foreground of a landscape will not be taken for a grand piano on the roof of a house.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Amoui Amouas, an Egyptian, wrote snake stories 1,000 years before Abraham arrived in Egypt. Amoui tells of a cast-away sailor who used to talk with seventy-five intelligent serpents that received him hospitably after he had been shipwrecked.—*Boston Post.*

—The number of rich English residing abroad bears a very small proportion to the number of rich Americans who do so. With the exception of Lord Anglesey, there is scarcely one wealthy peer who habitually resides out of his own country.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Mrs. James Mitchell, of North Adams, Mass., had as her guest Mrs. Larabee, of Iowa, her sister, who was married and removed from Saratoga County, N. Y., thirty years ago, and a short time before Mrs. Mitchell was born. The meeting was remarkable from the fact that it was the first time the sisters have ever seen each other.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Mr. J. Schuyler Crosby, who has been nominated by the President for Governor of Montana, is at present United States Consul at Florence, Italy, a position he has held for several years. During a part of the war he served on Gen. Sheridan's staff. He was on the yacht Mohawk, which capsized in New York harbor a few years ago, and, by his heroism, at the risk of his own life, he saved two or three persons.

—Jack Lincoln, son of Secretary Lincoln, is a very bright and interesting little fellow, and affords a considerable amount of entertainment to the clerks and visitors to his father's office. The other day he was amusing himself by copying the names of the Presidents, and, pausing, looked up from his work, and, with great naivete, remarked: "Why, ever so many of the Presidents were named after streets in Chicago."—*Chicago News.*

—A year ago Canon Leon J. Bernard was clerk of the Bishop of Tournay, Belgium. He went off one morning, the canon, not the Bishop, without being discharged. He was not empty, for he went off with 1,700,000 francs belonging to the church. This piece of flying artillery has just been captured by the New York detectives, and loaded with chains. He will probably be condemned and dismounted.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—There is a man in New Jersey who is so innocent that he thought the holes in porus plasters were the places where the tacks were driven in.

—Oregon has just unearthed a tooth weighing eleven pounds, but there is no chance for a joket The woman who lost it was frozen to death on a mountain.

—It is estimated that whales live to be 400 years old. This, however, is only an estimate. Nobody ever chummed round with a whale to see how long he stood the wear and tear of life.—*Boston Post.*

—"For whom are you tolling the bell?" asked a gentleman of a sexton in a country village. "For Mrs. ——," was the reply. "What!" said the gentleman, "she is not dead!" "Not dead! Then I have told a lie!"—*Exchange.*

—In a suburban town lives a relative of the immortal Mrs. Malaprop. The other evening a caller asked if Mr. —— was at home, and could be seen? "I think not," was the reply. "I believe my husband has expired for the night."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Bah!" he exclaimed, with an expression of great disgust after kissing his wife. "I do believe you have been smoking cigarettes—cheap and nasty ones, at that." "It's only too true," she replied, nonchalantly. "I took them out of the bundle you brought home last night."

—A Pennsylvanian visited Boston the other day, and was on his way home when a telegram overtook him at a station twenty-five miles out of the city, demanding that he return immediately. It appears that his friends had actually forgotten to show him the common, and wished to remedy the neglect.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Two boys sent into the country by a "fresh air fund" thus conversed: "Say, Pat, will we see apples on trees?" "Ho! of course you will," said his companion, with a tone of conscious superiority. "But I don't like them," added he; "I ate some in the country last summer, and they were sour. Apples that grow in barrels are best."—*N. Y. Telegram.*

—"Jack," said an affectionate mother of Stapleton the other morning, "you really must come home earlier nights. Do you suppose Esmerelda likes to have you stay so late?" "I'll tell you how it was," replied Jack. "You see, she was sitting on my hat, and I felt a little delicate about mentioning the fact." "Very well, I'll give you a bit of advice. The next time don't hold your hat in your lap."—*Staten Island Gazette.*

—The largest belt ever made from a single width of hide is said to have recently been made at Hartford, Conn., for a New York flouring mill. It is forty-eight inches wide, seventy-six feet long, and weighs one thousand pounds